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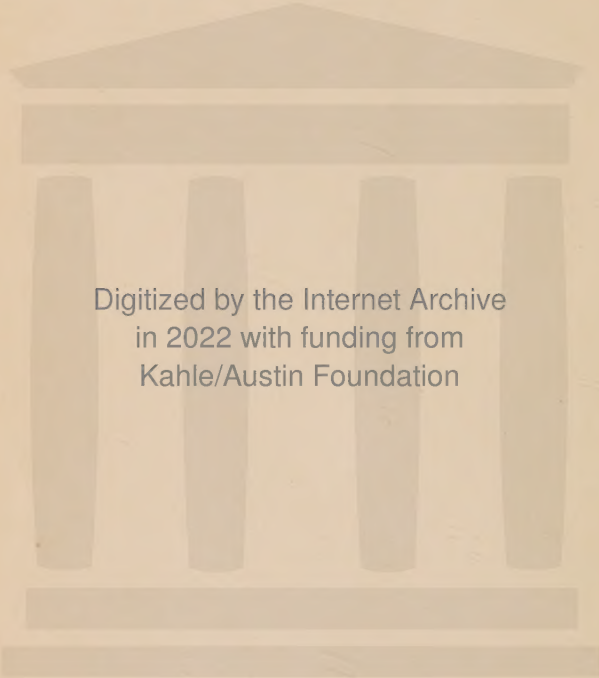
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The
Kiddies'
Christmas
Book



THE WILLIS N. BUGBEE CO.
SYRACUSE, N. Y.

The Kiddies' Christmas Book

By

CAROLYN R. FREEMAN,
ANN GLADYS LLOYD

and Others

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THE WILLIS N. BUGBEE CO.
SYRACUSE, N.Y.

THE

BOOK

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The Kiddies' Christmas Book

RECITATIONS

A Secret

I know something you can't guess—
Try with all your might,
It's a present for old Santa
When he comes tonight.

(Shows pair of mittens which have been hidden behind back.)

A Surprise for Santa

See! My stocking's much too small,
'Twon't hold anything at all;
(Holds up very small stocking.)
Guess I'll go and borrow ma's—
Won't that s'prise old Santa Claus?

If Santa Had a Fit

Don't you think it would be drefful
If old Santa had a fit,
So he couldn't come at Christmas?
How I dread to think of it!

A Present to Bossy Cow

I'm going to give a present
To our old bossy cow—
Some apples and a sugar lump—
I guess I'll do it now.

No Christmas Day

I'd hate to be a Chinese boy,
An African or Turk,
And never have no Christmas Day,
But just keep on at work.

A Message to Santa

If you folks should see old Santa
Won't you take a word to him?
Tell him to be very careful
Not to skip poor Johnny Grim.

Johnny's poor and lame and hunch-backed
And he's only 'bout so high,
But I don't see any reason
Why he ought to pass him by.

Santa's Age

Santa must be older'n grandpa,
I will tell you why—
'Cause my grandpa hung his stockings
When he wasn't more'n so high,
And old Santa came and filled 'em
Same's he fills our stockings now.
Guess he must be most a million,
Or a hundred anyhow.

Bye, My-o Molly

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

(A small girl sits in a low chair, rocking her doll to sleep. She sings the lullaby to the simple tune of BYE, BABY BUNTING.)

Bye, my-o Molly,
Katy'll make her dolly
A scarlet bonnet edged with fur,
If Santa has forgotten her.

The Christmas Tree

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

Did you ever see
Such a magical tree?
It grew overnight
To this glittering height
And bore all these chains
And candles and canes!—
Did you ever see
Such a magical tree?

(The small reciter indicates the Christmas tree as he speaks.)

If You Were Only Five

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

Goodness sakes alive!
If you were only five,
Could you sit still a week
And learn a piece to speak,
With Christmas in the air
And secrets everywhere?—
I couldn't either, so
This much is all I know.

Moongram

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A recitation for a small child, who runs onto the stage excited and out of breath.

What do you think?

Just now

The man in the moon

Came tumbling down

To say he'd seen Kris Kringle

Astarting forth

From 'way up North

With pack and bells ajingle!

Catastrophe in Candyland

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

The chocolate doll with the striped candy cane

Went walking one fine Christmas day,

And oh, and oh, it set in to rain,

And they melted completely away.

Will Christmas Never Come?

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A recitation for a tiny child.

(He has a large calendar, on which he counts off the days to Christmas as he gives the lines. The calendar should have a big red 25.)

One, two, three days

To Christmas! Dear, dear,

I'll be an old man (*lady*)

Before it is here!

(He heaves a long and dolorous sigh. For one, two, three the proper number of days to Christmas should be substituted.)

A Peculiar Cat

By Carolyn R. Freeman

Recitation for child carrying pussy cat.

My kitty is peculiar, I think you will agree,
At Christmas time, I'm just as good to him as I can be.
I feed him bits of chicken, and other kinds of meat,
And my! That cat will stand right there and eat, and eat, and eat.

Then, when he has been stuffing about an hour or two,
He'll walk right off and leave me. Yes, that's just what he'll do.
He never will say, "Thank you," or anything like that.
Now don't you think my pussy is a very funny cat?

"Mary Had a Little Lamb"

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

Mary had a little lamb,
It's fleece was pink and sweet;
And everywhere that Mary went
The lamb was sure to bleat.

It followed her on Christmas morn
Until the final bite
Down Mary's pinkly sticky mouth
Had vanished out of sight.

Pussy's Appetite

By Carolyn R. Freeman

I think that our old pussy
Is a very funny cat.
He'll never eat ice cream, or cake,
Or anything like that.

Of lovely Christmas candy,
He won't take a single bite;
But when he hears a mouse,
He's got a coming appetite.

What I'd Do

By Carolyn R. Freeman

Recitation for a small boy.

If I should see a great big bear,
I'd walk right off and leave him there.
I wouldn't stay to be polite,
Or wish him Merry Christmas bright.

If I should see a girl I know
Beneath a bunch of mistletoe,
I'd march up to that little miss,
And give a Merry Christmas kiss.

The Monkey on the String

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A recitation for a small boy with a monkey on a string which he works as he recites the lines.

Wouldn't you like to climb up a string,
Up to the top and down?
Oh, it is quite the excitingest thing
Done in Mechanical Town!
Hand over hand I go clattering up,
Up to the knot at the top,
Until I look down on the flannelette pup,
And the clown going flippety-flop.

Down on the donkey that kicks and balks,
Down on the jumping Jack,
Down on the wax doll that walks and talks,
And the train whistling round the track.
Wouldn't you like to climb up a string,
Up to the top and down?
Oh, it is quite the excitingest thing
Done in Mechanical Town!

Just an Old-Fashioned Doll

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A recitation for a small girl, dressed up to represent a doll of long ago. Some grandmother's doll should be copied for dress, hair arrangement, etc.

She sits in a chair too big for her in a doll-like attitude, facing another little girl in a chair too big for her. This other little girl is dressed up to represent a fine big doll of today. Both "dolls" must sit perfectly still, hands outstretched, heads turned a little, etc., just like real dolls.

I haven't the curls of you modern dolls,
Nor your eyes that open and close,
And I can not utter a single word,
Nor walk about on my toes.
And my cheeks aren't rouged at all, at all,
And my frock of sprigged delaine
By the side of your frills of lace and silk
Is decidedly old and plain.
But a little girl loved me long ago,
In the very same little-girl way
That your beautiful, modern dollship is loved
By that little girl's grandchild today.

Minnie and Me

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

(A sing-song recitation for a little girl, rocking her doll. She nods sleepily as she half says, half croons the lines and by the last she is asleep, her head drooping over her doll.)

Hm, hm,
Minnie and me,
Hm, hm,
Across the sea
Shall sail and land
In Santastrand!
Hm, hm,
Minnie and me.

Hm, hm,
Minnie and me,
Hm, hm,
St. Nick shall see,
And all his elves
And wonder shelves!
Hm, hm,
Minnie and me.

Hm, hm,
Minnie and me,
Hm, hm,
When next you see,
You'll envy quite—
Good-night, good-night!
Hm, hm,
Minnie and me.

Christmas Smiles

By Carolyn R. Freeman

Tripping, skipping up on high,
Sunbeams dance from out the sky,
Saying, ever glad and gay,
"We brighten up the Christmas Day."

Gleaming, beaming from afar,
Every little Christmas star,
Peeping here, and peeping there,
Makes the Christmas evening fair.

Ringling, singing, far and near,
Christmas carols sweet and clear,
Gladly echo o'er the earth,
Bringing joy and Christmas mirth.

Songs, and stars, and sunbeams, too,
Have a Christmas mission true;
But a smile makes Christmas bright,
Any time of day or night.

A Christmas Cheer

By Carolyn R. Freeman

You hear a lot of cheering
At a great big football game,
And when it comes to basket ball,
It's very much the same.

The girls^o get so excited,
As they watch the fellows play,
They don't know what they're doing,
Or at least it looks that way.

The crew out on a great big lake,
Does nothing else but row;
But you would think they run the world,
The people all act so.

Now I have a bright idea;
Seems to me 'twould be just fine
To give a great big rousing cheer
For Merry Christmas time.

Christmas Welcome

By Carolyn R. Freeman

Dear people, as I come up here,
Don't get your hopes up high.
I am too young to speak a piece,
No matter if I try.

If I were grown up, big and tall,
Like you, or you, or you,
(*Point to different ones in audience.*)
There are a whole big lot of things
I think that I could do.

I'd give you yards of verses fine,
 (*Measure to represent yards.*)
And never once forget;
Or maybe you would like to hear
 A solo or duet.

But since there's nothing I can do
 That's really quite worth while,
I'll give a hearty welcome,
 And a merry Christmas smile.
 (*Smiles brightly.*)

Christmas Advice

By Carolyn R. Freeman

On every merry Christmas,
 You always want to plan
That if you can't do what you like,
 You'll do just what you can,
And no matter what may happen,
 You'll be cheery, glad and gay;
Then you'll be very certain
 Of a happy Christmas day.

On every merry Christmas,
 No matter where you live,
It isn't what you get that counts,
 It's always what you give.
Then just share your love with others,
 Sing, and smile with all your might,
And don't you ever doubt it,
 your Christmas will be bright.

One Trouble

By Carolyn R. Freeman

There's only just one trouble
With the happy Christmas time.
Aside from that, why everything
Is always nice and fine.
I wish that we could figure out
Some very splendid plan
To help the situation;
But I don't see how we can.

There's only just one trouble
Anywhere that I can see,
That makes the merry Christmas
Just a little hard for me.
When Christmas time is nearing,
Deary me, it is so slow!
But when it comes to leaving,
Goodness sakes, how it can go!

A Safer Plan

By Carolyn R. Freeman

For boy carrying small lighted lantern.

They say the happy Christmas night
Should be real bright and fair,
With lots of pretty sparkling things
A-shining everywhere.

There should be ropes of tinsel bright,
And icicles, and snow,
And everything to make the evening
Cheery, don't you know?

But when it comes to candies small,
Oh, deary, deary me!
How dreadful I should feel if one
Should burn our Christmas tree.

(Gesture to tree.)

So I have brought my lantern out,
Upon this Christmas night.
It's safer than a candle,
And a dozen times as bright.
(Hangs lantern on tree and leaves stage.)

Why I Like Christmas

By Carolyn R. Freeman

I like the Christmas season,
'Cause it's jolly all the while.
You hardly ever see a frown,
For folks prefer to smile.

No matter what may happen,
They never scold a bit;
They've caught the Christmas fever,
And they just don't feel like it.

My dad acts like a diff'rent man
At merry Christmas time.
He ain't a bit particular,
And all I do's just fine.

My mother always scrubs me
As gently as can be.
I guess her eyesight ain't as good
As usual, you see.

And when my sister has a beau,
They never send me out.
You'd think they were real anxious
To have me 'round about.

But when it all is over,
Oh, deary me! Oh, dear!
I don't see why the Christmas time
Can't last through all the year.

What Makes Christmas

By Carolyn R. Freeman

I went down town the other day.
Oh, my, but it was cold!
And everything just seemed to say,
"The year is growing old,
My child, it's almost Christmas."
The streets were full of busy folk,
All rushing with their might,
Their noses red, their cheeks aglow,
Their hearts real warm and bright,
Because 'twas almost Christmas.
Old Santa in the window there
Just seemed to act so glad
To see me, for he said to me,
"Remember, don't be bad;
You see, it's almost Christmas."
I thought and thought about it all.
Now what do you suppose
Makes all the whole world feel that way?
Why, everybody knows
When it is almost Christmas.
Now I've about made up my mind
What plays so big a part.
It is the happy Christmas love
In everybody's heart
That makes the merry Christmas.

The Other Way Around

By Carolyn R. Freeman

I played a trick on Santa,
Last merry Christmas time.
I bought some lovely choc'lates
That tasted simply fine.
I filled them up with pepper,
And left them on the shelf,
Where Santa Claus would see them,
And surely help himself.

Now that was simply horrid
To do to anyone,
But at the time it happened,
I thought 'twas lots of fun.

(Looks and acts worried during rest of verse. If desired, place handkerchief over eyes as if crying.)

I'm sorry now I did it,
Because I sadly fear,
That Santa will remember,
And pay me back this year.

Christmas Greetings

By Carolyn R. Freeman

Tell me, people, kind and true,
Oh, what can a fellow do
When he has a lot to say,
And doesn't know the proper way?

If you have been troubled so,
Then I guess perhaps you know
How I feel, because, you see,
That is just the way with me.

I can whistle like a bird,
Greatest songs you ever heard.
But when it comes to speak a piece,
Just excuse me, won't you please?

But there's so much here in my heart,
I must tell you just a part.
So, dear people, kind and true,
A Merry Christmas unto you.

Her Christmas Gift

By Carolyn R. Freeman

Last year I asked old Santa
On merry Christmas day,
To bring a baby to our house,
And let him always stay.

So Santa brought one, but I've been
As sorry as could be,
'Cause all that baby ever does
Is cry, and cry, you see.

Of course, I can't have any fun,
And I don't think it's right;
I have to tend him all the while,
From morning until night.

Yes, Santa took me at my word,
And brought a baby brother;
But, deary me, I truly hope
He'll never bring another.

Slighting Santa Claus

By Carolyn R. Freeman

I wonder if you've stopped to think
This merry Christmas night,
That people are not using
Dear old Santa Claus just right.

You never would believe it,
But no matter where you look,
There's not a thing about him
In any hist'ry book.

Now after all his labors,
And years of anxious care,
To turn him down completely,
It really isn't fair.

If I could have my way,
I'd write old Santa's hist'ry fine,
And that would be just all that kids
Would learn at Christmas time.

A Puzzle

By Carolyn R. Freeman

I'd like to ask a question,
If you wouldn't think it funny.
Now can anybody tell me
Where old Santa gets his money?

'Twould take a million dollars
To buy just half the toys
That every year he leaves around
For little girls and boys.

He never seems to worry,
And he never seems to lack;
He has enough of everything
To fill his Christmas pack.

Somehow I can't help wishing
Santa's secret I might know;
Then every Christmas I could have
At least a dime or so.

Good-Night

By Carolyn R. Freeman

I'm sorry we must say "Good-night,"
But it is growing late.
It's bed-time now for little folks,
It must be after eight.

(Looks at watch.)

Oh, deary me, who would have thought
It could be after ten?
Well, well, we must be going,
Or we can not come again.

I'm sorry we must say "Good-night,"
I'm sorry as can be;
But, after all, we've had
A happy evening, you'll agree.

And if we stop to think of it
In just the proper way,
We want to say "Good-night,"
So we can have glad Christmas day.

To the Dolls in a Tantrum

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A recitation for a small girl.

The scene shows a number of quarreling dolls. One is pulling another's hair, one is sitting on top of another, two are pulling at a toy dog, etc. Doll cries and doll *ma-mas* are made offstage. The small reciter comes in, shakes an admonitory finger at her misbehaving dolls and gives the lines.

My dears, do you know
How away o'er the snow
Kris Kringle is hitching
His reindeer to go
On his annual flight
In the still-starry night
To fetch us, my dears,
Just a world of delight?

He'll drop, so they tell,
Down the chimney pell-mell
To fill all the stockings
He finds here with—well,
Just everything,
From a bib to a ring,
We've wished for and wanted
He's certain to bring.

My dears, you and I,
As Christmas draws nigh,
Must struggle and strive
To be good as plum pie,
Else he *might* hold aloof
And pass by our roof
With never a thud
Of a reindeer's small hoof!

(She begins to straighten the dolls around.)

Old Santa

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

Who came a-driving in his sled,
When we were fast asleep in bed,
Pit-pat, last night, right overhead?—
Old Santa.

Who came a-slipping down the flue,
So plump that he could scarce squeeze through,
And with a pack to carry, too?—
Old Santa.

Who stuffed our stockings full of toys
And everything for girls and boys,
And never woke us with the noise?—
Old Santa.

Who tied the drawstrings of his pack
And hoisted it upon his back
And vanished up the chimney stack?—
Old Santa.

Who settled in his waiting sleigh
And soon was far upon his way,
Against the break of Christmas day?—
Old Santa.

Who'll navigate our flue no more
To leave the toys we've 'phoned him for
Till twelve whole months are done and o'er?—
Old Santa.

However gray our heads may grow,
We'll never cease to love, we know,
The dear old saint who loves us so—
Old Santa.

Christmas Thoughts

By Carolyn R. Freeman

On this holy Christmas evening,
Christ the Savior's glad birthday,
Don't you think we should be careful
Everything we do and say?
Don't you think that it would pay us
To remember where we go
Jesus in the world is dwelling?
What we do our Lord will know.

At the happy Christmas season,
God has given blessings true.
Should we ever stop to thank Him?
I just think we should, don't you?
And the nicest way to do it,
Is to fill your heart with song,
And to keep it overflowing
Everywhere you pass along.

Jesus left His home in heaven,
Lived and died for you and me.
Do you think it's fair to grieve Him,
And to treat Him carelessly?
Don't you think it would be better
If you'd open up your door,
Bid the Savior gladly enter,
Dwell with you forevermore?

In this big old world of darkness,
Jesus bids us all to shine.
Let us not forget to do it
At the happy Christmas time.
If we keep our candles burning,
Each one in our corner small,
Don't you think that merry Christmas
Will be brighter for us all?

If I Were a Policeman

By Carolyn R. Freeman

If I were a policeman
On happy Christmas day,
I'd listen very carefully
To hear what folks would say.
And if I heard an angry word,
As sure as sure could be,
I'd take the one who said it
Right straight down to jail with me.

Then when I had him down there,
I'd make him sit and smile,
And think up all the friendly words
To practice all the while.
Now pretty soon, I rather think,
He'd find that I was boss.
Next Christmas time, I don't believe
That he would be so cross.

If I were a policeman,
And had things all my way,
There wouldn't be a gloomy kid
On happy Christmas day.
I'd send a lot of toys and dolls
The country up and down,
And when I had to pay for them,
I'd charge it to the town.

Then folks could kick and grumble,
But it wouldn't help a bit.
I'd make them do their duty;
Oh, you bet I'd see to it.
Yes, Christmas would be very bright,
And Christmas would be gay,
If I were a policeman
On the happy Christmas day.

The Story Best of All

By Carolyn R. Freeman

Upon the happy Christmas time,
Some children like to hear
The tales about old Santa Claus,
And all his fleet reindeer.
But I would rather hear about
That first glad Christmas day,
And Baby Jesus lying there
Asleep upon the hay.

They tell of shining fairies gay
That sparkle in the light.
They're not as nice as angels,
And they can't be half as bright.
The angels came from heaven down
That Christmas night of old,
And played upon their golden harps,
And wondrous tidings told.

The brownies, and the sandman,
With his bag of golden dreams,
They never really satisfy,
Or that's the way it seems.
I'd rather hear of shepherds,
And the wise men who were led
And guided by a shining star
To Jesus' manger bed.

I like the Christmas story,
Just because I know 'tis true,
And just because the Savior dear
Came down for me and you.
Oh, that is why, more than the tales
Of Santa and the rest,
I like the blessed story
Of the Baby Jesus best.

What the Stars Say

By Carolyn R. Freeman

Every star at Christmas time,
Up in the sky of blue,
Has a happy message bright
For every one of you.
"Twinkle, twinkle," do they say,
Be glad on merry Christmas day."

Every star at Christmas time
Is faithful to its work.
"Twinkle, twinkle," do they say,
"Oh, never, never shirk.
To each duty just be true,
That is the only way to do."

Every star at Christmas time
Has each a mission glad.
"Twinkle, twinkle," do they say,
"Oh, don't be feeling sad.
You shine there, and I'll shine here,
We'll fill the Christmas full of cheer."

Every star at Christmas time
Has something more to tell
Of the Baby Jesus dear.
We know the story well.
"Love him," says each star so bright,
"Upon His happy birthday night."

I'll Tell You a Story

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A recitation to open the Christmas exercises.

(The small reciter stands before an A-B-C chart, a pointer in her hand.)

If you will be a very good and quiet audience, I'll tell you a story.

It's a story just for you.

We children made it up among ourselves.

It's a short story.

But it tells you exactly what you are.

It is W-E-L-C-O-M-E.

(She points to each letter as she names it.)

Co-Ops

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A recitation for a tiny girl.

(She is in a sleeping garment and carries a stocking. On her breast is a C. C. badge. If the stage has a fireplace, she stands before it while she explains.)

See (*pointing to her badge*), I belong to the C. C.

C. C. stands for Christmas Co-ops.

We have two members in the Christmas Co-ops.

Santa's one;

I'm the other.

Co-ops are folks that work together.

That's what Santa and I do.

Santa furnishes the presents,

And I contribute the stocking to put them in.

(She proceeds to hang her stocking above the fireplace.)

Solicitude

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A recitation for a small girl or boy.

(As he gives the line, he hustles into coat, cap and overshoe.)

I've got to go and sit out on the steps

Till Santa comes—

And tell him to use our door this year instead of the chimney,

For some men came last summer and boarded up our grate

And put a furnace in.

It would never, never do for Santa to drop down into the furnace.

My, no!

(The child runs out, coat flying, pulling on his mittens as he goes.)

The Flannelette Pup

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A recitation for a boy dressed up as Santa Claus. If, as he talks to himself, he arranges the gifts named under a little Christmas tree, a dramatic touch is added.

Well, well, so this is where the Magree children live. Good children, so the report goes.

Now what shall I leave for Jimmy? A Teddy Bear! I'll just put it here under the tree.

And here is a mule hitched up to a cart! That, I am sure, will delight the heart of the youngster they call Jonathan Edward.

I wonder what there is in my pack that would please six-year-old Patsy. Here's a lion glaring wickedly through his mane! That would certainly suit me if I were six years old. I'll just set it alongside of the Teddy Bear.

Ha, here is a cow that waggles its head! The very thing for the Magree they call Timmy.

And here is a doll house for Katie Magree! All furnished ready to move her family of dolls into.

Now what is there left in my pack for small Mary? A doll!

Exactly! I'll set her on the front porch of the doll house.

Now, now, what's the matter? What frightens her so?

Ah, I see! It's the lion, the bear and the mule and the cow!

H-m—H-m—

I have it! Here's a flannelette pup for the youngest Magree!

I'll turn him loose in the doll house yard. He'll protect her from the bear and the mule and the lion and the cow!

The Alarm Clock Watch

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A dramatized recitation for a small boy.

(He is in a sleeping garment and is sitting on the floor before a fireplace, an assortment of alarm clocks on the floor about him, five of them. He is winding and setting a sixth. From the mantel shelf dangles his stocking. A bit of candle burns in a holder on the shelf. This is the only light there is in the room.)

I'll fix St. Nicholas this year! Last Christmas I waited up for him and then fell asleep 'fore he got here and never waked up till morning! This Christmas it's going to be different! I've borrowed Grandpa's 'larm clock and Uncle Jack's and Daddy's and ev'rybody's and I've set Aunt Hattie's for ten and Cook's for 'leven and Daddy's for midnight and Uncle Jack's for one and Grandpa's for two and Mumsie's for three and they'll go off and wake me up every hour to see if St. Nick's 'rived yet. I know they will, 'cause Daddy and Cook and ev'rybody always says if you want to get up, why just set your 'larm clock and it'll get you up. I can go to sleep here on the rug now and let the 'larm clocks keep watch for me.

(*He curls up on the rug and goes to sleep. A moment or two of silence, then a clock behind the scenes strikes ten and an alarm goes off. The boy never stirs. A pause. The clock strikes eleven and another alarm goes off. The boy never stirs. This continues until the clock has struck three and the sixth alarm has gone off. The candle meanwhile has flickered out, leaving the room in darkness. After the last alarm has tinkled into silence there is a pause, then lights begin to stream in at the windows and soon it is morning. The boy rouses, stretches, yawns, rubs his eyes, remembers it is Christmas and jumps up, wide awake.*)

Why, why, it's morning! . . . And St. Nick's been! . . . And the 'larm clocks never went off and woke me up like ev'rybody said they would! 'Larm clocks! (*Infinite disgust in his voice.*) 'Larm clocks get you up! . . . Oh, well (*the sight of his bulging stocking and the toys on the floor beneath it is cheering*), any way, I heard St. Nick's sleigh bells while I was asleep, and that's more than I did last Christmas!

CURTAIN

A Christmas Scheme

By Carolyn R. Freeman

I'm putting in practice
That old golden rule
I learned when a youngster
In our Sunday school.
It's something like this:
"Be real careful to do
To others as you'd have
Them do unto you."
So, now, since the evening
Is chilly and cold,
And jolly St. Nick
Must be growing quite old,
I'm leaving some things
For his comfort, you see,
And Santa will like them
As sure as can be.

Here's ¹ a nice cup of coffee
That's all piping hot,
And I've ² borrowed dad's slippers
To loan him. Why not?
I'm certain 'they'll fit,
For I'd feel no surprise
If Santa and dad should wear
Just the same size.

Then I've written ³ a note,
(For it can not do harm),
Saying, "Santa, my dear,
⁴ Please sit down and get warm.
I'm terribly worried,
My friend, about you,
For fear you'll get smallpox,
Or measles, or flu.

"And Santa, I'm using
That old golden rule,
I learned when a youngster
At our Sunday school.
It's something like this:
'I am doing to thee,
The way that I hope
Thou wilt do unto me.'"

DIRECTIONS

Child enters stage carrying various articles which should be arranged on table, after which recitation should be given.

¹ Hold up cup of coffee and taste it with apparent relish.

² Hold up slippers and consider them carefully.

³ Unfold note and read, first putting on spectacles. Occasionally point to words with finger.

⁴ Pull up chair for use.

A New Year's Wish

By Carolyn R. Freeman

If I could wish a New Year's wish,
And have it all come true,
I wonder if you'd like to know
What I would wish for you.
Gold and jewels, if you please,
I'd bring you treasures more than these.

If I could wish a New Year's wish,
I'd hasten quickly past
The empty, glittering things of life;
I'd choose the joys that last.
Home, and friends, and hearts that care,
These are the things of life most fair.

If I could wish a New Year's wish,
I'd ask for love and peace
To light your path a-down the years,
That every fear might cease;
And your heart I'd try to fill,
With heaven's joy, and glad good-will.

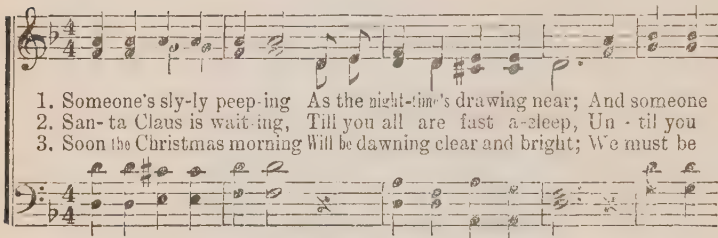
If I could wish a New Year's wish,
I'd bring you sweet content,
A mind where nought unworthy dwells,
A life in service spent.
These are the things I wish for you.
May heaven make my wish come true.

SONGS AND MUSICAL NUMBERS

Someone's Slyly Peeping

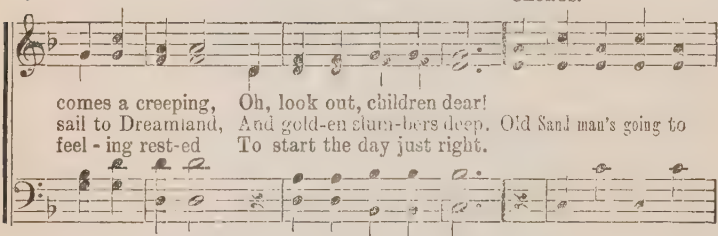
C. R. F.

CAROLYN R. FREEMAN.

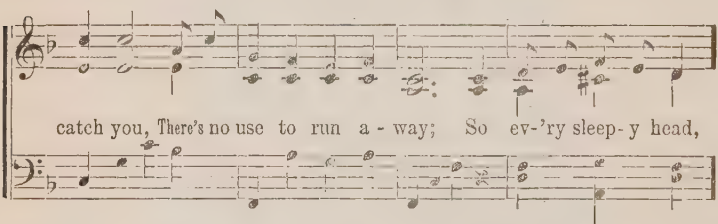


1. Someone's sly-ly peep-ing As the night-time's drawing near; And someone
 2. San-ta Claus is wait-ing, Till you all are fast a-sleep, Un-til you
 3. Soon the Christmas morning Will be dawning clear and bright; We must be

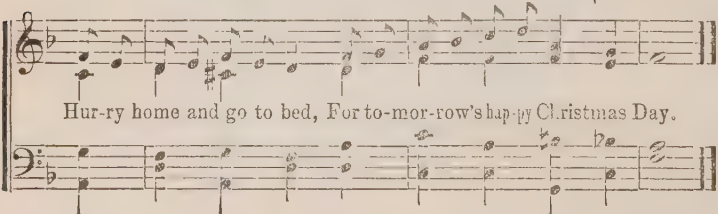
CHORUS.



comes a creeping, Oh, look out, children dear!
 sail to Dreamland, And gold-en slum-bers deep. Old Sand man's going to
 feel-ing rest-ed To start the day just right.



catch you, There's no use to run a-way; So ev-'ry sleep-y head,



Hur-ry home and go to bed, For to-mor-row's hap-py Christmas Day.

Christmas Eve Capers

CO. SCHOOLS

A. G. L.

C190226

ANN GLADYS LLOYD.



1. We push our cars up hill and then,
2. We throw our balls up high and then,
3. A mouse runs up the clock and then,
4. We'll hang our stock - ings up and then,



Do, re, me, fa, sol, la, te, do,
 Do, re, me, fa, sol, la, te, do,
 Do, re, me, fa, sol, la, te, do,
 Do, re, me, fa, sol, la, te, do,



We all come speed - ing down a - gain,
 They all come bounc - ing down a - gain,
 Tick - tock, it scam - pers down a - gain,
 At dawn we'll take them down a - gain,



Do, te, la, sol, fa, me, re, do.
 Do, te, la, sol, fa, me, re, do.
 Do, te, la, sol, fa, me, re, do.
 Do, te, la, sol, fa, me, re, do.

Christmas Eve Capers

An action song for a row of children. They may be dressed in sleeping garments, if desired, or in play suits and aprons.

FIRST STANZA

When the curtains are drawn apart they stand in a row with their kiddie cars. While singing the first two lines they push their kiddie cars to the back of the stage, making hard work of it. While singing the last two lines they speed back to the front of the stage on their cars.

SECOND STANZA

They jump off their kiddie cars and, while singing the first two lines, pick up their balls, throw them up, let them bounce and then catch them. While singing the last two lines they throw their balls up again, but do not catch them this time.

THIRD STANZA

While singing the first two lines with two fingers of their right hands they make motions for the mouse running up the clock until their hands are as high above their heads as they can reach. While singing the last two lines the mouse runs down.

FOURTH STANZA

There is a pause between the third and fourth stanzas, in which the accompanist repeats the scale once while a clock strikes eight. Then while singing the first two lines of the fourth stanza the children sit down on the floor and pull off one stocking. While singing the last two lines they go off to bed in a sedate line, holding up the stocking they have taken off, leaving the shoe behind.

CURTAIN

My Presents Are Up on the Branches

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

(Tune: "*My Bonnie Is Over the Ocean*")

I

My presents are up on the branches,
My presents are up on the tree!
Oh, who will go up on a ladder
And reach down my presents for me?

Chorus

Reach down, reach down,
Reach down my presents for me, for me!
Reach down, reach down,
Oh, reach down my presents for me!

II

Last night as I dreamed on my pillow
Of Santa, as I do declare,
He stole like a mouse down the chimney
And fastened my presents up there!

III

The doll that I wrote him to bring me
Looks down from the dizziest bough,
Her curls are the sunniest ever,
I want her, I want her right now!

IV

And there is a set of blue dishes,
A package that looks like a ring,
And there is a purse all of silver,
A book, and some beads on a string!

V

My presents are up on the branches,
My presents are up on the tree!
Oh, who will go up on a ladder
And reach down my presents for me?

This song may be sung by a small girl, facing the Christmas tree and standing sidewise to the audience. Among other presents the tree holds those mentioned. The small singer gazes up at the tree and stretches her arms longingly up to her presents, while she makes her appeal to the audience.

Or, the song may be sung by a small group of little girls, facing the tree in a semi-circle to one side of it.

Here We Go 'Round the Wonder Tree

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

(Tune: "*Here We Go Round the Mulberry Bush*")

A motion song for a group of children. They have hold of hands and circle about the Christmas tree as they sing.

Here we go round the wonder tree,
The wonder tree,
The wonder tree,
Here we go round the wonder tree,
On a cold and Christmas morning.

Growing up out of the parlor rug,
Parlor rug,
Parlor rug,
Growing up out of the parlor rug,
As if yarn were its native leafmold!

(*While singing the second stanza, the children unclasp their hands and fling them up in surprise, still circling about the tree.*)

Dates and filberts and drums and dolls,
And drums and dolls,
And drums and dolls,
Dates and filberts and drums and dolls
Hang down from the branches above us!

(*While singing the third stanza, each child clasps his hands in ecstasy, still circling about the tree.*)

How did they bud and bloom and grow,
And bloom and grow,
And bloom and grow,
How did they bud and bloom and grow
To perfection since last evening?

(The children, taking hold of hands again, shake their heads in wonderment while singing the fourth stanza, still circling.)

Don't you know it's a wonder tree,
A wonder tree,
A wonder tree?
Don't you know it's a wonder tree?
Not a bit like elms and maples!

(While singing the fifth stanza, the children nod their heads with satisfaction at recollecting that fact.)

Patent candles with magic beams,
With magic beams,
With magic beams,
Patent candles with magic beams
Converted the buds into presents!
Books and bangles and sleds and skates,
And sleds and skates,
And sleds and skates,
Books and bangles and sleds and skates
And canes made of peppermint candy!
What will you have from the wonder tree,
The wonder tree,
The wonder tree,
What will you have from the wonder tree,
A ball or a game or a wagon?
Here we go round the Christmas tree,
The Christmas tree,
The Christmas tree,
Here we go round the Christmas tree,
A-shaking the gift-laden branches!

(While singing the last stanza, the children let go hands, take hold of the ends of the branches of the Christmas tree and shake them lightly as they pass in circling the tree. A shower of sparkle-snow or confetti may be freed by the shaking.)

Serenading Santa

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A musical number for six or eight of the tiniest boys.

The parting curtains disclose the boys in a semi-circle under a balcony of Santa's castle. The castle wall and balcony are simulated at one side of the stage. Cotton snow and icicles hang from the railing. Santa can be seen on the balcony—either a little boy dressed up or a doll Santa. The serenaders have on red and green paper hats and are mounted on rocking horses. While they rock and manage their steeds, they toot tin horns, faces uplifted to the balcony.

Variations should be made in their tooting in imitation of orchestral music. Some Christmas song, familiar to the small serenaders, played on the piano or Victrola, accompanies their

CURTAIN

DRILLS

"Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star"

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

An adaptation of the familiar Mother Goose song into a song-drill for eight girls, all of a height.

They are dressed in white dresses with full skirts, sprinkled with stars of various sizes cut out of silver paper and pasted on. White ribbons bind their hair and fasten the stars on their foreheads. White stockings and slippers complete their costumes.

The Stars simply do the drill movements. The song is sung by a group of children either down in front of the stage or else just outside an entrance to the stage. Very soft music accompanies the singing and the drill movements.

(The drawing apart of the curtains shows the Stars in the position of Diagram I. While each stanza is sung they swing first to the left and then to the right, without moving from their places, flirting their skirts to make their stars "twinkle.")

THE SINGERS.

I

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.
When the blazing sun is gone,
When he nothing shines upon,
Then you show your little light,
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.

(The Singers are silent. The Pianist repeats the stanza and every two Stars, 1 and 2, 3 and 4, etc., spin round and round one another, as in Diagram II. The music is timed so that they are in the position of Diagram I when it stops.)

II

Then the traveler in the dark
Thanks you for your little spark,
He could not see which way to go,
If you did not twinkle so.
In the dark blue sky you keep
And often through my curtains peep,
For you never shut your eye
Till the sun is in the sky.

(As before, the Singers are silent and the Pianist repeats the stanza. The Stars spin and change places with one another, 1 and 3, 2 and 4, etc., as in Diagram III. When the Singers take up the third stanza, they are back in the position of Diagram I.)

III

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a lantern in the sky.
Do you light St. Nick about,
When the moon-man isn't out?
Everywhere that children are,
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

(The Singers stop and the Pianist repeats the stanza. The Stars spin to form a circle, as in Diagram IV, 3, 4, 5 and 6 spinning round and round in the circle at once, the others joining in as they reach it. The spinning Stars go twice around the circle before the music stops.)

CURTAIN

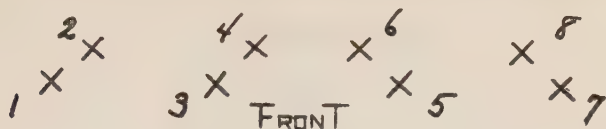


DIAGRAM I

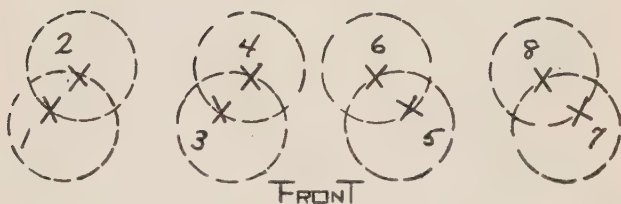


DIAGRAM II

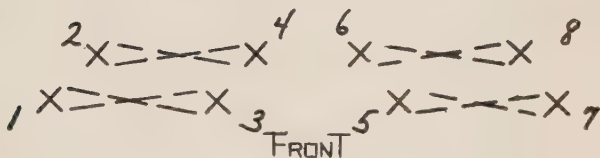


DIAGRAM III

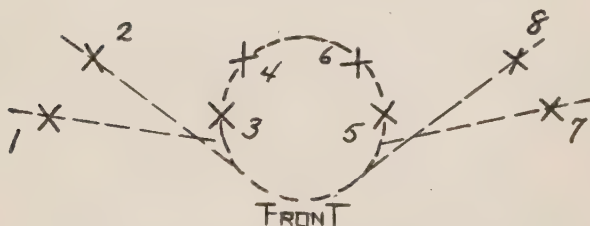


DIAGRAM IV

Doll's Style Show

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A drill for twenty-eight children.

All but four of the children are dressed up to represent Dolls, two of each kind:

Paris Dolls	Rubber Dolls
Mamma Dolls	Jointed Dolls
Rag Dolls	Boy Dolls
Paper Dolls	Stockinet Dolls
Baby Dolls	Chinese Dolls
Dinah and Sambo Dolls	Unbreakable Dolls

Two boys are dressed up as little manikins. They conduct the show with a conspicuous display of fine manners.

The remaining two children are little girls in the garb of nurse-maids.

ONE MANIKIN. In behalf of all mere adults who are thinking of giving Mary Lou a doll this Christmas we are putting on the Dolls' Style Show.

THE OTHER MANIKIN. First come the Paris Dolls for plump pocketbooks.

(Music commences, which continues while the Paris Dolls are on the stage, stops while the Manikin announces the Boy Dolls, resumes while the Boy Dolls are on the stage, etc.)

(The Paris Dolls, in fine hats and gowns, come onto the stage, one from either side, pirouetting and flirting their ruffles and ribbons, after the manner of sewing class style shows. When they meet in the middle of the stage, they stand in a pretty pose, opening and shutting their eyes in time to the music. Then they leave the stage in the manner of their entrance, except that the Doll that entered at the right goes out at the left and the other at the right.)

THE FIRST MANIKIN. Next come the Boy Dolls, intended for small boys but not unacceptable to small girls.

(The Boy Dolls come onto the stage, one from either side. Each pair of Dolls enters thus, going out at the opposite side. The Boy Dolls are dressed as sailors. Their walk is the rolling

step of the sailor. When they stop in the center of the stage they salute or execute a hornpipe.)

THE SECOND MANIKIN. Now we have the Mamma Dolls, welcome additions to any little girl's family.

(The Mamma Dolls come in. They are in simple doll dresses. Real doll costumes should be patterned after in dressing all the pairs of Dolls. When the Mamma Dolls reach the center of the stage, they bend over from the hips two or three times, in time to the music, and say mamma as nearly like mamma dolls as possible.)

THE FIRST MANIKIN. Now come the Rag Dolls for flat purses.

(The Rag Dolls enter. They are comically made up to look like rag dolls. Over their heads are rag doll heads with nose and mouth drawn, slits for eyes, hair painted or made of wisps of wool, etc. In the center of the stage they curtesy two or three times, in time to the music.)

THE SECOND MANIKIN. Next come the Paper Dolls, oftentimes very nice for a change.

(The Paper Dolls enter. Their dresses are made of crepe paper, flat, pasted to a foundation of heavy paper—as for real paper dolls. The dresses are pinned on at the shoulders. Their hats are of the paper also. In the center of the stage they curtesy two or three times, in time to the music.)

THE FIRST MANIKIN. Now come the Baby Dolls.

(The two nursemaids enter, each wheeling a baby carriage, in which is the smallest child available, dressed up as a baby.)

THE SECOND MANIKIN. Next we have the Dinah and Sambo Dolls.

(Dinah and Sambo enter. Their faces are blacked realistically, they are barefoot and Dinah's hair is tied in innumerable little braids that stick out in all directions. Her dress is a simple slip of a bright color and Sambo's costume consists of a gaudy shirt, blue trousers and old suspenders. In the center of the stage they clasp hands and swing one another around.)

THE FIRST MANIKIN. Next we have the Jointed Dolls dear to every little girl's heart.

(The Jointed Dolls enter. Their dresses are simple tunics. Their arms and legs are bare and their hair is curled. They

hold their heads turned just so, their wrists and elbows at doll-like angles and they walk as if their hips and knees were jointed. In the center of the stage they hold a "jointed" pose for a moment or two.)

THE SECOND MANIKIN. Now come the Stockinet Dolls for babies.

(The Stockinet Dolls enter. They are made up to look like stockinet dolls, copying as closely as possible two real models. Their movements are stiff, their arms stand straight out from their bodies. In the center of the stage they pose for a moment or two, feet wide apart, toes turned out, eyes staring.)

THE FIRST MANIKIN. Now we have the Rubber Dolls for babies.

(The Rubber Dolls enter. They are made up in gray suits to look like rubber dolls, arms tight to their sides, feet kept closely together. When they pause in the center of the stage, the Manikins squeeze them and they "cry" two or three times, in time to the music.)

THE SECOND MANIKIN. Next come the Chinese Dolls for little girls who have all the dolls they need but always want just one more.

(The Chinese Dolls enter. They are made up with a fringe of hair, etc., like Chinese dolls. In the center of the stage they curtsy two or three times, solemnly and in time to the music.)

THE FIRST MANIKIN. And last come the Unbreakable Dolls especially good for little girls who have brothers.

(The Unbreakable Dolls enter. They are in ordinary doll clothes. In the center of the stage they knock their heads together two or three times, in time to the music.)

(The going out of the Unbreakable Dolls and the elaborate bows of the Manikins may close the Style Show; or a grand march of all the Dolls, drum majored by the Manikins, may conclude it.)

Around the World With Santa Claus

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A play-drill for any number of children.

CHARACTERS

MINNIE, *a little girl in a sleeping garment.*

ESKIMO CHILDREN, *any number.*

SCOTCH CHILDREN, *any number.*

DUTCH CHILDREN, *any number.*

ARABIAN CHILDREN, *any number.*

JAPANESE CHILDREN, *any number.*

HAWAIIAN CHILDREN, *any number.*

INDIAN BOYS, *any number.*

PICKANINNIES, *any number.*

All are in characteristic costumes.

The ESKIMO children have snowballs of cotton batting.

The DUTCH are in outdoor costume and one or two have skates slung over their shoulders.

The ARABIANS have tom-toms.

The JAPANESE carry fans.

The HAWAIIANS have ukuleles.

The INDIAN BOYS have bows and arrows.

(A large globe occupies the center of the stage. A stocking hangs above a fireplace. A clock is on the mantelshelf. MINNIE stands before it.)

MINNIE. Only half past seven! Oh, dear, I wish your hands would just fly round your face, Mister Clock, I do! It won't ever be time for Santa at the rate they're moving! Tick-tock-tick-tock, you're so slow, Mister Clock!

(MINNIE goes over to a window and looks out.)

I s'pose I won't catch sight of him dashing round the corner for hours and hours yet!

(She goes over to the globe and slowly revolves it, pointing out the different countries.)

Oh, don't I wish I could go round the world with Santa Claus! *He* goes every year and *I've* never been once! Just think, he sees the little Japanese girls and boys and the little Eskimo girls and boys and—

(She yawns.)

Oh, I'm sleepy! I wish he'd come!

(She yawns again and looks at the clock.)

Only five minutes you've ticked away since I last looked at you, Mister Clock! . . . I think I'll just take a wee nap while I'm waiting up for Santa. That will make the time go faster. I'll be sure to wake up. Just ten minutes and then—

(She drops down on the floor beside the globe and immediately is fast asleep. Soft music commences and the group of ESKIMO children enter at the right and trip twice around the globe and MINNIE, tossing up their snowballs. As their line goes out at the left, the SCOTCH children enter at the right and circle about the globe, a Scotch child joining the circle as an Eskimo child leaves it, thus keeping the circling line always unbroken. The SCOTCH children hum a Scotch song or give a highland clan call.)

(In the same fashion the other groups of children enter at the right and go out at the left, DUTCH, ARABIAN, JAPANESE, HAWAIIAN, INDIAN, PICKANINNIES, each group circling the globe twice.)

(The DUTCH children go through motions of skating while going around the globe.)

(The ARABIANS beat their tom-toms.)

(The JAPANESE gracefully wave their fans.)

(The HAWAIIANS play their ukuleles.)

(The INDIAN boys shoot with their bows and arrows.)

(And the PICKANINNIES dance and one or two of the boys turn somersaults.)

(The music changes to fit each group, a Scotch air for the SCOTCH children, unmusical clatter to accompany the tom-toms, a Hawaiian melody for the HAWAIIAN children, a southern tune for the PICKANINNIES, etc.)

(With the going out of the last PICKANINNY the music ceases and darkness envelops the room. This continues for several minutes, then the stage is gradually relighted, as if dawn were breaking. Somebody pops her head in at a door and calls, "Merry Christmas, Minnie!" MINNIE jumps up.)

MINNIE. Oh, oh, it's Christmas morning and I'm back home after going around the world with Santa Claus! How surprised I was when Santa picked me up and whisked me off with him in his sleigh! I never expected him to!

(Spying her filled stocking, she runs over to the fireplace.)

CURTAIN

EXERCISES AND DIALOGUES

The Two Recipes

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

(An exercise for a row of little girls. In one hand they have a gingerbread girl. In the other a gingerbread boy. The girls wear chefs' caps and aprons and have the manners of a French chef.)

ALL.

What is gingerbread made of, made of?

What is gingerbread made of?

Sugar and spice and all that's nice;

And that's what gingerbread girls are made of, made of.

(At the last line they hold up their gingerbread girls, bite off the head and smack their lips.)

What is gingerbread made of, made of?

What is gingerbread made of?

Soda and flour and milk that's sour;

And that's what gingerbread boys are made of, made of.

(At the last line they hold up their gingerbread boys, bite off the head and make a wry face.)

Lollipop Aces

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

An exercise for five children.

(The five stand in a row, facing front, with their hands behind them.)

FIRST CHILD.

Two!

(He brings his hands from behind his back and holds them up to show a little candy doll in each.)

SECOND CHILD.

Four!

(He holds up two candy dolls as the first child did.)

THIRD CHILD.

Six!

(He holds up two candy dolls.)

FOURTH CHILD.

Eight!

(He holds up two candy dolls.)

FIFTH CHILD.

Ten!

(He holds up two candy dolls.)

ALL FIVE CHILDREN. Doughty little men!

FIFTH CHILD.

Ten!

FOURTH CHILD.

Eight!

THIRD CHILD.

Six!

SECOND CHILD.

Four!

FIRST CHILD.

Two!

ALL FIVE CHILDREN. Down our throats they flew!

(The children pop both candy dolls into their wide-open mouths at once.)

CURTAIN

The Best Place

By Carolyn R. Freeman

Dialogue for three boys carrying flags.

FIRST.

I'm glad I don't live far away
In hot and sunny Africa,
For then, when Christmas time comes 'round,
No snow could anywhere be found.
That wouldn't be what I should call
A merry Christmas time at all.

SECOND.

Now I am very glad, you know,
I'm not a frosty Eskimo;
Because, from things that I've been told,
I fear that place would be too cold.
I think that it is handy quite
To live where everything's just right.

THIRD.

Now Italy and Switzerland,
And Spain and Holland may be grand,
But when all has been said and done,
There's something wrong with every one.
I wouldn't dwell beyond the foam
At Christmas, give me home, sweet home.

ALL TOGETHER.

Oh, North, and South, and East, and West,
There's just one land I love the best.
When Christmas time is drawing near,
I'm always glad that I live here.
Then * hurrah for our Red, White, and Blue!
America, hurrah for you!

** Wave flags on high.*

The Christmas Rainbow

By Carolyn R. Freeman

(Exercise for nine girls, each wearing a strip of cheesecloth to represent a color of the Christmas rainbow. Drape strips about shoulders, and let ends hang loosely so they can be held out easily as each single verse is spoken.)

ALL.

The happy Christmas season
Is adorned with colors fair;
You find them here, you find them there,
You find them everywhere.

With all these lovely colors
Gleaming out with all their might,
Does anybody wonder
That the Christmas time is bright?

RED.

Red means happy Christmas cheer.
You'll find it all about;
And if you aren't real careful,
It will get you—just watch out.

GREEN.

Green is for the holly gay,
And for the mistletoe;
At Christmas time you see it
Almost everywhere you go.

WHITE.

White are merry snowflakes,
And Christmas moonbeams bright;
They make this old world beautiful,
Through all the day and night.

ROSE.

Rosy are the fancies,
And the merry Christmas dreams.
In fact, we view the Christmas
Through a rosy light, it seems.

BLUE (*Copenhagen*).

When Christmas skies are bright and blue,
And fleecy clouds sail by,
It seems that everybody
Could be happy if they try.

BLACK (*with silver lining; arrange to turn this lining out at proper time*).

Now if a gloomy cloud appears,
Don't you be gloomy, too;
Because the silver lining
Soon will shine for me and you.
(*Point first to self, then audience.*)

CERISE.

At merry Christmas season,
Remember, if you please,
That every single smile you give
Turns into bright cerise.

GOLD.

Golden are the sunbeams
That on Christmas day are found.
'Tis a sure sign that there
Is gladness all around.

PURPLE.

The richest Christmas memories
Does royal purple bring.
It reminds us of the birthday
Of Christ, the Christmas King.

(*Children step closer and hold strips together side by side.*)

ALL.

Now don't you think this rainbow
Is charming, bright, and gay?
How could we do without it
On happy Christmas day?

Your Flag and My Flag

By Carolyn R. Freeman

(An exercise for seven children, one being larger than others. This one should march to further side of stage carrying large flag, and others carrying smaller flags should form semi-circle near opposite side and back. These six first give flag salute and pledge of allegiance, then recite, holding flags somewhat away from shoulders to attract attention to them.)

SIX CHILDREN.

Your flag, and my flag,
With colors glad and bright,
Is floating over all the land
From morning until night.

Your flag, and my flag,
At Christmas seems to say,
"Without me you might not have
This happy Christmas day."

FIRST CHILD.

Since freedom's torch was lighted,
And freedom's flag unfurled,
The Christmas has been happier
Throughout the whole wide world.

SECOND CHILD.

Priceless are the blessings
That our country holds in store.
Each Christmas is a splendid time
To count them o'er and o'er.

THIRD CHILD.

Ours is a flag of radiant hope,
Aglow with joy and cheer;
It brightens up the Christmas time,
And all the coming year.

FOURTH CHILD.

Our nation's noble banner
E'er speaks of purity,
And bids us guard her safely
That she may stainless be.

FIFTH CHILD.

A flag of truth and honor
Is our dear Old Glory fair.
May Christmas find us worthy
Of our country's faithful care.

SIXTH CHILD.

The flag of home, and native land,
Belongs to me and you.
Oh, may we all be loyal
To our own Red, White, and Blue.

SIX CHILDREN (*holding flags high*).

Your flag, and my flag;
Stars and Stripes forever!
Proudly may we honor give,
While we're here together.

(*Wave flags.*)

Then three good cheers for Uncle Sam,
And for our U. S. A.!
America is where we want
To spend our Christmas day.

Christmas Thanksgiving

By Carolyn R. Freeman

Exercise for eight children.

ALL.

Whenever Christmas time is near,
With all its joy and Christmas cheer,
A look about the world so wide
Will make us feel quite satisfied.

FIRST.

I'm glad I'm not an Eskimo
Up in the land of ice and snow;
I'd miss my Christmas candy sweet,
And goodness knows what would I eat?

SECOND.

Now India has a sunny clime,
But 'twouldn't do at Christmas time,
Because, you see, as like as not,
Old Santa'd melt, 'twould be so hot.

THIRD.

I'd rather not live, anyway,
Where folks don't travel with a sleigh.
In Cuba I'd be out of luck
If Santa's reindeer should get stuck.

FOURTH.

In China, 'twould be nice to float,
And live in just a small houseboat;
But Santa couldn't get his pack
Down through its chimney broad and black.

FIFTH.

Some folks might like to stay awhile,
Upon a far-off desert isle.
Now I should ten times rather be
Where I could have a Christmas tree.

SIXTH.

I shouldn't like to live so well,
In lands where cannibals might dwell.
I'd rather *eat* my Christmas meal
Than *make* one. That's the way I feel.

SEVENTH.

Now Paris is a city grand,
The very finest in the land;
But, deary me, what would I do,
If I should have to parley-voo?

EIGHTH.

In Holland I should get the blues,
While walking in their wooden shoes,
Because I couldn't dance a bit
At Christmas time. Just think of it!

ALL.

Yes, every day throughout the year,
We love our flag and country dear.
America is simply fine,
Especially at Christmas time.

The Sock That Jack Hung Up

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A dialogue for ten boys.

(The boys stand in a row, hands behind them.)

FIRST BOY (*stepping out of the row*). This is the sock that Jack hung up on the mantelshelf.

(He holds up a sock and then goes to a fireplace at the back of the stage and pins it up, after which he makes his exit.)

SECOND BOY (*stepping out of the row*). This is the ball that bounced from the sock that Jack hung up on the mantelshelf.

(He produces a ball from behind his back, bounces it and then places it on the floor in front of the row of boys, after which he makes his exit.)

THIRD BOY (*stepping out of the row and easing a pack to the floor off his shoulders, a doll protruding from it*). This is the pack that disgorged the ball that bounced from the sock that Jack hung up on the mantelshelf.

(He makes his exit, as does each succeeding boy after giving his lines.)

FOURTH BOY. This is the fellow that shouldered the pack that disgorged the ball that bounced from the sock that Jack hung up on the mantelshelf.

(He steps out of the row while speaking, holding up a little Santa Claus. Then he stands the Santa Claus up on the floor by the pack. Each boy does likewise, arranging the sled, reindeer, etc., in a group that represents Santa Claus just starting on his trip. Only the ball and the sock are of natural size.)

FIFTH BOY. This is the sled that carried the fellow that shouldered the pack that disgorged the ball that bounced from the sock that Jack hung up on the mantelshelf.

SIXTH BOY. This is the team that pulled the sled that carried the fellow that shouldered the pack that disgorged the ball that bounced from the sock that Jack hung up on the mantelshelf.

SEVENTH BOY. This is the stable that housed the team that pulled the sled that carried the fellow that shouldered the pack that disgorged the ball that bounced from the sock that Jack hung up on the mantelshelf.

(The stable is a white bowl, which the boy turns upsidedown on the floor—like an Eskimo house.)

EIGHTH BOY. This is the snow that fell on the stable that housed the team that pulled the sled that carried the fellow that shouldered the pack that disgorged the ball that bounced from the sock that Jack hung up on the mantelshelf.

(He sprinkles sparkle-snow and bits of cotton batting over the scene on the floor.)

NINTH BOY. This is the weather man that sent the snow that fell on the stable that housed the team that pulled the sled that carried the fellow that shouldered the pack that disgorged the ball that bounced from the sock that Jack hung up on the mantelshelf.

(He tops the stable with a little weather vane, which points to the north.)

CURTAIN

Polly, Hang the Stockings Up

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A miniature playlet in two scenes.

One of the two little girls that take part is POLLY. The other is SUKEY.

Their costumes are nightgowns or sleeping garments.

The setting consists of a fireplace.

SCENE I

(POLLY and SUKEY enter at the right and approach the fireplace. SUKEY is in the lead with a bedtime candle. POLLY follows with two stockings over her arm.)

SUKEY.

Polly, hang the stockings up!

Polly, hang the stockings up!

Polly, hang the stockings up!

It's Santa's visiting night!

(POLLY hangs the stockings up over the fireplace and then SUKEY leads the way out at the left.)

SCENE II

(The stockings are full of toys. To each stocking is pinned a white card. POLLY and SUKEY run in at the left, POLLY ahead with the candle.)

POLLY.

Sukey, take them down again!
 Sukey, take them down again!
 Sukey, take them down again!
 He's left his card and gone!

(SUKEY commences to take the stockings down.)

CURTAIN

The Christmas Strike

By Carolyn R. Freeman

CAST OF CHARACTERS

GIRL
 BOY

SUNBEAM
 STAR

CHRISTMAS CHEER
 SANTA

COSTUMES

GIRL.—Cap and apron. Carries dishcloth and soap.

BOY.—Overall suit. Carries small axe.

SUNBEAM.—Costume of golden yellow. Crepe-paper dress is attractive. Wear band, with bows fastened on it, about forehead.

STAR.—Costume of silver, trimmed with tinsel and star dust. Crepe-paper is best for dress. Skirt should be notched to represent points of a star. Fasten tinsel star to forehead and use silver tinsel balls on slippers. A peaked hat with tinsel ball at point will complete the effect.

CHRISTMAS CHEER.—Red costume, or cerise, if preferred. Make dress from crepe-paper. Let hair be waved or curled and hang loosely. Fasten red band about forehead.

SANTA.—Usual costume.

(Enter GIRL and BOY looking and acting cross and dissatisfied.)

GIRL.

I just get sick of working
At happy Christmas time.
If 'twasn't for the dishes
Everything would all be fine.

BOY.

I'm tired of running errands,
And splitting kindling wood,
And doing every single thing
Folks seem to think I should.

GIRL.

Why don't we both go on a strike?

BOY.

Exactly what I say.

BOTH.

This merry Christmas time
We won't do anything but play!

(Children dance about, clapping hands in delight and exclaiming, "Goody, goody!" They start to leave stage, but SUNBEAM enters.)

SUNBEAM. How do you do, children?

(Children turn quickly. SUNBEAM bows and children return greeting.)

SUNBEAM.

Oh, I'm a little sunbeam,
And I quickly hurried in
To join you in this Christmas strike.
I'm ready to begin.

(Enter STAR, bowing. Children look and act surprised.)

STAR.

The little stars up in the sky
(Point upward.)
Make Christmas evening bright;
But I think we need a rest,
So we'll not shine this Christmas night.

(*Enter CHRISTMAS CHEER, making curtsy.*)

CHEER.

I'd like a nice vacation,
So I guess just this one year,
That folks will have to do without
Their merry Christmas cheer.

(*Enter SANTA, coughing. He bows.*)

SANTA.

I'm feeling sort of poorly,
And I have a dreadful cough;

(*Coughs.*)

So I guess I really might as well
Just take this Christmas off.

GIRL (*while children look at each other in horrified manner*)

Why, that would be so dreadful!

Oh, deary, deary me!

If everybody strikes,

'Twill just spoil Christmas, don't you see?

Boy.

I really think that after all
We should our places fill.

BOTH.

Yes, yes! We both will go to work,
And do it with a will.

OTHERS, or SANTA *alone.*

Well, if that's what you're planning,

We'll do our duty, too;

And really 'tis the very

Wisest thing we all can do.

CHILDREN.

Oh, Christmas time is merry.

We like its jolly fun.

We couldn't do without it;

Oh, no, not anyone.

OTHERS.

Oh, yes, we love the Christmas;
But remember at the start,
If Christmas time is cheery,
Then we all must do our part.

(If desired, suitable song may be introduced at this time.)

Shine Where You Are

By Carolyn R. Freeman

CHARACTERS

LITTLE GIRL.—Dressed as desired.

LITTLE BOY.—Dressed as desired.

TWO FAIRIES.—Wearing fluffy white cloth dresses, or dresses made from crepe-paper. Slippers and stockings should be white. Hair should be waved or curled, and a band of tinsel should be about each forehead. Each should carry star-tipped wand.

(Enter GIRL and BOY.)

GIRL.

I wonder what one little girl can do
To make Christmas merry the whole day through.
There's work for the grown-ups, for one and all,
But it's much too hard for a maiden small.

BOY.

I'm sure that no greater pleasure I'd ask,
Than trying to do some big Christmas task.
A task that to others would bring lots of joy;
But of course there's no use, for I'm just a small boy.

(Enter FAIRIES.)

FIRST FAIRY.

We have heard your wishes, and haste to tell
Of something that children can do quite well.
So listen a moment and you shall hear
Of a way you can help to give Christmas cheer.

SECOND FAIRY.

A sunny smile, and a happy face,
Will scatter sunshine in any place.
A heart that is merry, and glad, and gay,
Is the richest treasure of Christmas Day.

BOTH FAIRIES.

Yes, there is work for everyone,
And never will all of the work be done.
Each child is a little Christmas star,
So shine in your corner where you are.

BOTH CHILDREN.

Thank you, dear Fairies, your words are true,
So this is what we are going to do:
Like stars in the sky * we will shine with our might,
And each do our part to make Christmas bright.

* Point upward.

Christmas Wishes

By Carolyn R. Freeman

FIRST BOY.

I'd like to be a little mouse
This merry Christmas night;
I'd hide right in a corner,
And I'd look with all my might.

Then when old Santa happened in,
I'd be real glad, because
'Twould be the very finest way
To see dear Santa Claus.

SECOND BOY.

I'd rather be a pussy cat,
Up in an easy chair.
I'd act like I was fast asleep,
But I'd be watching there.

Then if a little mouse
Should happen 'round at any time,
I'd reach right out and catch him
(*Makes the motion.*)

For my Christmas dinner fine.

(*Smiles triumphantly at FIRST BOY who looks frightened and quickly moves to side of stage.*)

THIRD BOY.

A great big shaggy, woolly dog
Is better than a cat.
If I could really have my wish,
I think that I'd be that.

Then I could growl a little bit,
And make an ugly face,
And there wouldn't be a single
Pussy cat around the place.

(*Folds arms and smiles triumphantly at SECOND BOY, who moves to place beside FIRST BOY and appears downcast.*)

FIRST BOY (*soberly*).

I guess I've changed my mind,
And I don't want to be a mouse.
I think it's safer just to be
A boy 'round the house.

SECOND BOY (*in like manner*).

Well, after all, I don't believe
'Twould be a bit of fun
To turn into a pussy cat.
I'd rather not be one.

FIRST BOY.

Just think of all the fun we have,
And all the Christmas joys.

SECOND BOY.

Hooray! I b'lieve that you and I
Are lucky to be boys.

THIRD BOY (*looking slowly around at others*).

I guess you fellows may be right,
Now come to think of that.
I know I'd rather slide down hill
Than chase a pussy cat.

Ten Little Sleepyheads

By Carolyn R. Freeman

(An exercise for ten small children wearing pajamas. They enter stage yawning and appearing sleepy.)

ALL.

Ten little sleepyheads
This evening, as you see,
Have stayed up, oh, so very late,
We're sleepy as can be.¹

FIRST.

One little sleepyhead
Likes the Christmas season
'Cause it's always jolly.
Isn't that a funny reason?

SECOND.

One little sleepyhead
Is ² frightened as a mouse.
He is afraid to sleep alone
In such a great big house.

THIRD.

One little sleepyhead
Doesn't see just why
He can not watch old Santa
And his reindeer team go by.

FOURTH.

One naughty sleepyhead
³ Feels very, very sad
At the merry Christmas time.
Oh, isn't that too bad?

FIFTH.

Another little sleepyhead
Said, ⁴ "Boo hoo, boo hoo!
If Santa brings a big long switch,
Oh, dear, what shall I do?"

SIXTH.

One little sleepyhead
Hung up his grandma's stocking,
Because he thought 'twould hold so much.

OTHERS.

⁵ Now isn't that just shocking?

SEVENTH.

One little sleepyhead
Can sing a Christmas song.
Doesn't really matter
If he gets the tune all wrong.

EIGHTH.

One little sleepyhead
⁶ Has a tummy-ache.
Guess it's just because he's eaten
Too much Christmas cake.

NINTH.

One little sleepyhead
Thought he wasn't weary;
⁷ But soon his eyelids heavy grew,
Then, deary me, oh, deary.

TENTH.

One little tired boy,
A reg'lar sleepyhead,
Said, ⁸ "Oh, come on, folks;
It's time to go to bed."

ALL.

Ten little sleepyheads
Must keep Christmas right;
And so, if you'll excuse us,
We will bid you all good-night,
⁹ And Merry Christmas! ¹⁰

DIRECTIONS

¹ Yawn and act sleepy.

² Shake and tremble as if frightened.

³ Look sad.

⁴ Put hand over eyes and bend forward as if crying.

⁵ Open mouths wide and look at each other in shocked manner.

⁶ Bend over with hand on stomach.

⁷ Slowly close eyes and nod head.

⁸ Motion others to come away.

⁹ Loudly.

¹⁰ Kiss or wave hands to audience as they leave.

Preparing for Christmas

By Carolyn R. Freeman

(An exercise for three boys and three girls, each carrying a small stocking. Girls stand at one side of platform and boys at the other.)

GIRLS.

It's almost time for Santa,
And we think it's only right
To make some preparations
For his visit here tonight.

BOYS.

So we'll hang up all our stockings,
And then to Dreamland go;
For Santa doesn't come where folks
Are watching, don't you know?

FIRST BOY.

I'm hoping that tomorrow
In my stocking I shall find
Some guns, and skates, and snow-shoes,
And toys of every kind.

(After each of these six single verses, the speaker pins stocking to a line placed for that purpose.)

FIRST GIRL.

I know I'll get some candy,
And a great big dolly dear.
(Gesture to represent large doll.)
That's what old Santa brings to me
'Most every single year.

SECOND BOY.

Last year I was delighted
With everything I got.
I don't much care what Santa brings,
Providing it's a lot.

SECOND GIRL.

I want a great big dolly's house
With furniture just fine,
So dolly dear can entertain
At every Christmas time.

THIRD BOY.

These dolls and things are foolish,
And silly as can be.
A nice big sled and motor car
Are good enough for me.

THIRD GIRL.

I've got to have some story books,
And games, and puzzles new.
If Santa doesn't bring them all,
I don't know what I'll do.

FIRST BOY (*while all survey stockings doubtfully*).

Now I was just a-thinking
That these stockings look too small.
They'll never hold the things we want
St. Nick to bring us all.

FIRST GIRL.

Oh, goody, goody, goody!
I have a lovely plan!
Please everybody come with me
As quickly as you can.

(Children run quickly from stage, and remain hidden for a moment or two. Then they return to stage, each with a very large home-made stocking dragging on floor. They rapidly remove small stockings from line, and pin large ones in their places. If desired, move a large bench or six chairs under the stockings to catch gifts which fall out. Then children return to former places at sides of stage and survey work in pleased manner.)

FIRST GIRL.

At every Christmas season,
Remember where you go,
It always pays a person
To know the way to sew.

FIRST BOY.

These are reg'lar Christmas stockings,
And each one has a letter
To tell old Santa what we want.

ALL (*emphatically*).

I think that looks much better!

The Christmas Party

By Carolyn R. Freeman

(*Dialogue for five girls. Each should wear attractive, frilly party dress of the color designated below, with slippers and stockings to match. Also let each wear a band diagonally across chest, bearing letters of word she represents in color that will be conspicuous. Let CHRISTMAS be decorated with holly, with holly wreath about head, while others are adorned with tinsel, with tinsel bands about foreheads.*)

COLORS OF COSTUMES

CHEER.—Cerise.

LOVE.—White.

JOY.—Bright yellow.

GIVING.—Orchid.

(CHRISTMAS *enters and recites.*)

CHRISTMAS

I'm going to give a party
This happy Christmas night.
My guests are coming right away
To make the evening bright.
I am the Merry Christmas.
I think that you'll allow
We ought to have a jolly time.

(*Turns.*)

Ah, here comes someone now.

(Enter CHEER. *As each newcomer appears, greetings are exchanged.*)

CHEER (*looking around*).

It looks as if I'm early.

Well, that is not so bad.

Good Cheer should always be on hand

To make the Christmas glad.

I brighten all the season.

I drive the worries out.

Yes, Christmas is a merry time

When Cheer is 'round about.

CHRISTMAS.

Welcome, welcome, happy Cheer,

I'm so glad to have you here!

Help us to be cheery, too.

CHEER.

Thank you, that's just what I'll do.

(*Enter Joy.*)

Joy.

True joy is like a sunbeam.

Wherever it is found,

The choicest Christmas treasures

Are scattered all around.

Now joy will bring you gladness,

And all things else beside;

So at the happy Christmas time,

Let joy with you abide.

CHRISTMAS.

Christmas Joy, your smiling face

Lends a charm to any place.

Welcome, dear, I'm glad you've come.

CHEER.

Yes, and so is everyone.

(Enter LOVE.)

LOVE.

'Twas love that brought the Christ child
That first glad Christmas Day.

So, now, upon His birthday night,

True love should hold full sway.

Now love is never selfish,

It fills your heart up so,

(Take long breath, with hand on heart.)

And makes you think of other folks

More than yourself, you know.

CHRISTMAS.

In this big old world of care,

Dear Love, you're needed everywhere.

We welcome you this Christmas night.

Please show us how to love aright.

(Enter GIVING.)

GIVING.

The best way to be happy

At Christmas time, I've found,

Is to give, and keep on giving

Unto everyone around.

Now if you haven't money,

Keep giving just the same.

Give deeds and words of kindness

In our blessed Savior's name.

CHRISTMAS.

That is such a happy thought

That to us you just have brought!

Christmas would be glad, 'tis true,

If all the world were just like you.

(CHRISTMAS pauses and looks around.)

CHRISTMAS.

Well, I guess we all are here;

CHEER.

Happy, happy Christmas cheer,

JOY.

Joy that will true gladness make,

LOVE.

Love that lives for others' sake,

GIVING.

Giving, that will gladly share
With a neighbor everywhere.

ALL (*join hands and recite together*).

If each will do our part, you see,
Oh, what a party this will be!

I Want to be Like Santa Claus

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A dialogue for six boys.

The setting is merely a billboard containing a large poster of Santa Claus.

(*The boys enter in an informal group and halt their steps opposite the billboard.*)

FIRST BOY (*pointing*). There's the man *I* want to be like!

SECOND BOY. And I!

THIRD BOY. And I!

FOURTH BOY. Me, too!

FIFTH BOY. So do I!

SIXTH BOY. And me!

(*These exclamations are made almost in unison.*)

FIRST BOY. I want to be like Santa Claus because he is so jolly. He looks as if he laughed and chuckled all day long.

(*The boy throws his head back and laughs heartily.*)

SECOND BOY. I want to be like Santa Claus because he is so generous. He gives us sleds and books and games and everything he has. (*Pulls a stick of candy out of his pocket and holds it out to the nearest boy.*) Here, have a bite, Jimmy!

THIRD BOY. I want to be like Santa Claus because he lives up North. You can slide down hill and snowball and play fox and geese all the year round up there!

(*He throws a snowball of weighted cotton at the wall opposite.*)

FOURTH BOY. I want to be like Santa Claus because he goes for a drive round the world every year. (*He jingles a string of bells and pretends to drive away.*) Giddap, Comet! On, Prancer! There's Holland! I know by all the windmills going round! Now, Vixen! Now, Dancer! There's a dot in the ocean that looks like Treasure Island!

FIFTH BOY. I want to be like Santa Claus because he works so fast. Why, he fills all the stockings after the last boy has gone to bed and he's back home before the first one wakes up! Not even a policeman could catch him! If I could fly like that I'd be the champion of the school!

(*He assumes a starting posture and then dashes off the stage.*)

SIXTH BOY. I want to be like Santa Claus because he is so fat! He must get all the pancakes he wants and gingerbread and taffy and mince pie and bread and jelly! Yum-yum!

(*He smacks his lips and pats his distended stomach.*)

CURTAIN

Our Best Love

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A dialogue for eleven children.

(*They are dressed in white. All stand in a row and each child, except the middle one, has a large red letter behind his back. All the letters together spell "SANTA CLAUS."*)

SIXTH CHILD.

The man we are going to tell you of
Possesses our best, our very best love.

FIRST CHILD.

S is the Sack he carries on his back. It contains everything from a jumping Jack to a gold watch.

SECOND CHILD.

A are his Antics up and down flues.

THIRD CHILD.

N is the Night. It is his favorite time of being abroad.

FOURTH CHILD.

T is his Tummy so big and so round.

FIFTH CHILD.

A is his Affection for children. He loves every child in the whole wide world.

SEVENTH CHILD.

C is Christmas, his particular day.

EIGHTH CHILD.

L is his Laugh. It is jolly and loud.

NINTH CHILD.

A are the Adventures he has when he goes driving. One time a boy nearly caught him. Once his reindeer ran away. Another time he stuck fast in a chimney.

TENTH CHILD.

U is Us who love him so.

ELEVENTH CHILD.

S is his Sleigh. It is just a snug fit for him and his wonderful sack.

SIXTH CHILD.

In case you don't know whom we are talking of,
This is the man that has our best love.

(The children hold their letters in front of them.)

CURTAIN

Nine Abbs With But a Single Thought

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A playlet for fifteen boys and four girls.

CHARACTERS

JOHNNY ABB, *a small boy.*

GRANDPA ABB.

GRANDMA ABB.

PA ABB.

MA ABB.

UNCLE JOSIAH.

AUNT MIRANDA.

LUCY ABB, JOHNNY'S *young lady sister.*

WILL ABB, JOHNNY'S *big brother.*

LAWRENCE PREEDY, *LUCY's beau.*

THE CRACK COMPANY, JOHNNY'S *boy friends, nine small boys like himself, of which JOHNNY is the Captain.*

CHARACTERISTIC COSTUMES

Grandpa and Grandma have white hair and wear spectacles. Pa is in his shirt sleeves. Ma has on an apron. Lucy is in the height of fashion. Will displays college togs. Lawrence is fop-pish. The members of the Crack Company have on soldier hats made of paper.

The scene is laid in the Abbs' sitting room. A table occupies the center of the room and on it stands a little Christmas tree.

SCENE I

GRANDPA ABB (*coming in with a Christmas package under his arm*). Well, well, it's Christmas eve and I see I'm the first with Johnny's Christmas present. I hope the little fellow likes it. He's been a good boy of late.

(*He places his package on the table under the tree and then goes out.*)

GRANDMA ABB (*coming in with a package under her arm*). Well, at last Johnny's asleep and I can put his present on his

Christmas tree. Such a time as I've had keeping him from finding it!

(She places her package on the table and goes out.)

PA ABB *(coming in with a package in his hand)*. I never was so glad over anything as I am over getting Johnny's present off my mind! I'd rather be a hod carrier any day than a Christmas shopper! Johnny's sure to be tickled with what I got, though!

(He lays his package on the table and goes out.)

MA ABB *(coming in with a package under her apron)*. Dear, dear, I have so many last things to do! I'll put Johnny's present on his tree first off and then that won't be forgotten, if everything else is!

(She puts her package with the others and hurries out.)

UNCLE JOSIAH *(coming in)*. Now where is that package I had for Johnny? *(He searches through his pockets without finding it.)* I suppose I left it in my overcoat pocket! *(He goes out.)*

AUNT MIRANDA *(coming in with her workbag)*. Is the coast clear, I wonder? *(She looks around.)* Yes, I guess Johnny's in bed.

(She proceeds to pull a package out of her workbag. In the midst of pulling it out UNCLE JOSIAH re-enters with his package in his hand. AUNT MIRANDA jumps and shoves her package back in her workbag.)

UNCLE JOSIAH *(putting his package behind his back)*. What the!

AUNT MIRANDA. Goodness gracious, Josiah, but you gave me a turn! I thought you were Johnny!

(She pulls her package out of her workbag again and places it on the table. UNCLE JOSIAH comes over to the table and puts his with hers.)

UNCLE JOSIAH. My very thought, Mirandy! Johnny's being well remembered, isn't he? Well, he deserves it, he's a pretty good little Arab!

(They go out together.)

LUCY ABB *(coming airily in with a package under her arm)*. Mercy, what a lot of presents Johnny is going to get! I needn't have scrimped on powder to buy him one! But, there, he's been

a sweet little brother the last few weeks and hasn't annoyed Lawrence and me once! There's Lawrence now!

(She drops her package on the table and runs out.)

WILL ABB *(sauntering in with a package in his hand)*. Tra-la! Not such a bore after all this buying a Christmas gift for your kid brother.

(He leaves his package on the pile on the table and dawdles out. LUCY and LAWRENCE PREEDY come in.)

LUCY ABB. Isn't that sweet of you to give my little brother a Christmas present!

LAWRENCE PREEDY. Alias a reward for past favors. Alias a bribe for future favors.

(He puts his package on the table and they go out.)

SCENE II

JOHNNY *(running in)*. Hooray! Hooray! Christmas morning! Ain't I glad!

(He pounces on his Christmas presents and begins tearing them open. Reads.)

"To Johnny from Grandpa Abb." . . . A horn! Great!

(He tries it, nods in satisfaction, puts it down and takes up the next package. Reads.)

"To Johnny from Grandma Abb." . . . A horn! Well, p'r'haps Grandpa's will bust or something.

"To Johnny from Pa." . . . A HORN!

"To Johnny from Ma." . . . A HORN!

"To Johnny from Uncle Josiah." . . . I knew it!

"To Johnny from Aunt Miranda." . . . And another!

"To Johnny from Sister Lucy." . . . SEVEN!

"To Johnny from Brother Will." . . . EIGHT!

What's the use of opening this last package? . . . "To Johnny from Lawrence Preedy." . . . Nine! Nine horns! All exactly alike.

(JOHNNY drops into a chair and props his glum face on his hands.)

Nine horns! . . . Oh, say, I know what I'll do!

(He gathers the boxes and wrapping paper together, stuffs it all out of sight and arranges the horns in a neat row. Then he bounds to the door and flings it open.)

Whoo-ee, Tom! Hi, there, Dick! Jim-mee!

(The members of the CRACK COMPANY run in, putting on their hats as they enter. They line up and salute. JOHNNY puts on a martial mien.)

Attention! Merry Christmas! Forward march and take your choice!

(He waves to the horns. The CRACK COMPANY marches around the table, each boy selecting a horn.)

We're going to have some music in the Crack Company, we are! Now then! Follow your Captain! Left, right!

(The CRACK COMPANY, led by JOHNNY, marches round and round the table, tooting the horns.)

CURTAIN

The Wise Gifts

By Olive F. Woolley Burt

A Christmas Playlet for four children.

CHARACTERS

HELEN
PAUL

MOTHER
THE CHRISTMAS FAIRY

SCENE: *A room. The only furniture needed is a fireplace and a bench.*

When the curtain rises, HELEN, in her nightdress, is hanging her stocking by the fireplace. She has PAUL's stocking, too, and her MOTHER's. She is so busy that she does not hear PAUL, who sneaks into the room and watches her a few moments. Then, slipping up behind her, he cries, "Booh." She jumps and turns around.

HELEN.

O-oh! O-oh! Now see,
Paul, how you frightened me?
Oh, how could you?

PAUL.

I just said, "Booh."
What are you doing there?

HELEN.

Nothing, now, you gave me such a scare.

PAUL.

Pooh! I know; you can't fool me.

HELEN.

Well, you had to sneak to see.

PAUL.

No, I was sure that you would try
To hang our stockings. Tell me why?
You know that Mother said that we
Must not expect gifts or a tree.

HELEN.

I know; but we have always hung
Our stockings here; we always sung
Carols together on Christmas Night.
Somehow, this way does not seem right.

PAUL.

Well, it won't do us any good.
Come, go to bed; you know you should.
Why, it must be near midnight now,
And you'll catch cold.

HELEN.

I wonder how
Other poor children do? Do they
Go without gifts on Christmas Day?

PAUL.

Oh, I suppose.

HELEN.

I once was sure
That special spirits watched the poor;
But now I wonder—

PAUL.

Don't sit and ponder,
Let's go to bed.

HELEN.

But Mother said
If we *wanted* hard enough,
And if we're made of the right stuff,
Our "wants" would all come true.

PAUL.

I've wanted quite a few
Things that I didn't get.

HELEN.

You may receive them yet.

(She sits on the floor.)

Now I—I wish some fairy bright
Would come before us two tonight
And grant a wish to each.

(The CHRISTMAS FAIRY appears. Both look at her in wonder.)

FAIRY.

Children, your wishes reach
The Christmas Spirit, who has sent
Me here, with every good intent.
I'll grant three wishes—only three.
Think well, then speak your heart to me.

PAUL.

My, this is luck.

HELEN.

Oh, what fun.

Paul, I'll take one and you take one,
And we'll take one together.

PAUL.

Oh,
I don't need to think, I know
What I want most.

HELEN.

Be careful, Paul,
Do think before you wish at all.

PAUL.

Hush. Now listen, Fairy, I wish this—

HELEN.

Paul, please wait; you may miss
The biggest things. Don't you see
It's like the story of the three
Wishes in our story book.
The peasant and his wife both took
Their wishes without thinking twice,
And what they wished for wasn't nice.

PAUL.

Yes, I *will* think a little first,
Though with this one wish I may burst.

HELEN.

Oh, dear; it's hard. I wish we knew
What wishes were the best, don't you?

PAUL.

There! Now you've wished *one* wish away.

FAIRY.

It's granted, too, that now you may
Judge wisely.

HELEN.

I'm so sorry, Paul.

PAUL.

It may not be bad, after all,
Because we're sure to choose well now.
Listen, Helen, tell me how
A great big lovely doll would be
For you, a toy ship for me.

HELEN.

I'd love it.—But—Oh, Paul, I'm sure
There are other things we need much more
Than lovely toys. Why we haven't food
Enough to keep us feeling good.

PAUL.

Then, how would this wish be:
All kinds of food for you and me.
Candy, ice cream, pies, and cake—

HELEN.

I'm sure we'd have the stomach-ache.

PAUL.

Dear me, I wish we could have enough,
Each day, of just the proper stuff
To keep us always well and strong,
Then pies and cakes would not be wrong.

FAIRY.

That wish is granted, too. From now
You'll always have—don't ask me how—
Enough of proper food to eat
To keep your bodies strong and sweet.

PAUL.

Helen, that took me by surprise.

HELEN.

Oh, Paul, that wish was very wise.
Just think! Strong bodies and right food;
And Mother, too, can share this good.

PAUL.

Maybe it's all right. Now go
Very wisely. Let's be slow
In choosing this last wish of all.

HELEN.

Shall it be a nice home, Paul?

PAUL.

No, Mother says that we can make
A home of any place, if we take
The trouble. How would money be?
Loads and loads for you and me.

HELEN.

Money? Oh, it's such a care,
Gets lost or stolen. I don't dare
Waste our last wish on that. You know
We'd money once. Where did it go?

PAUL.

But now we're older and more wise—

HELEN.

Paul, don't pretend to shut your eyes
To all the worries money brings.
I'd rather wish for happier things.

PAUL.

You know we really ought to choose
This gift for Mother. Clothes and shoes,
And lovely hats such as she wore
When we had money, long before
We came to this.

HELEN.

Dear Mother, I wish she could know,
Somehow, that we both love her so.
That we would not forget and frown
And quarrel and throw our playthings down.
It always makes our Mother sad
To see that we two are so bad.
And we are sorry after all.
Oh, can't we be more gentle, Paul?

FAIRY.

Your third wish I will gladly give:
You now in truer love shall live,
Shall gentler be, and good and kind,
And truest happiness you'll find.
Your wishes all a joy will prove
For you chose Wisdom, Health, and Love.

(She disappears. The children look at each other and rub their eyes.)

HELEN.

Do you think we've been asleep?

PAUL.

I don't know. I meant to keep
Awake. I thought a Fairy came
And gave us gifts.

HELEN.

I thought the same.
But look, my stocking's empty still.

PAUL.

And so is mine. She didn't fill
It full of toys and sweets. It's queer.

HELEN.

She gave us something, though, right here.
(Places her hand on her heart.)

(MOTHER enters.)

MOTHER.

A merry, merry Christmas Day,
May both of you be glad and gay.
For though we have no gifts to give
We've food enough on which to live,
And good strong bodies.

(Notices the stockings.)

Helen, Paul,
You hung your stockings after all
And found them empty. It's too bad.

HELEN.

Don't worry, Mother, just be glad.
For though these stockings look so slim,
They're filled from tip-toe up to brim.

PAUL.

Yes, really Mother, can't you see,
Our stockings are as full as full can be.

(MOTHER looks into her empty stocking, but catches their spirit.)

MOTHER.

Oh, my Dears, such lovely things!

HELEN.

Mother, can you really see
The gifts in there from Paul and me?

(Turns to audience.)

Dear Ones, we never need to grieve
If only we try to believe
That all will for our best good prove,
If we seek Wisdom, Health, and Love.
So let us sing a carol gay
To welcome in this Christmas Day.

(All sing.)

CURTAIN

Santa's Gifts Plus His Surprise

By Lucile Crites

CHARACTERS

MR. WHITE, father *(part can be taken by an older boy)*.

MRS. WHITE, mother *(part can be taken by an older girl)*.

VIRGINIA WHITE, small girl, *perhaps five years of age*.

BOBBY WHITE, small boy *of about six years of age*.

SANTA CLAUS.

STAGE SETTING

Fireplace, made of pasteboard covered with brick crepe paper, must be in center of room. Real logs inside, and an electric light covered with red paper, may be concealed behind logs. When turned on, it will make a good imitation of a fire. Two cots, in one corner of room. A screen near beds but not hiding them.

(As curtain goes up the WHITE family is on the stage. The children are sitting on the floor wrapping gifts. MR. and MRS. WHITE, sitting near, talking.)

MRS. W. Children, it's time you were getting ready for bed, isn't it?

BOBBY. Oh, no, Mother; see, I haven't got my presents fixed up yet.

MR. W. I thought you had been wrapping them all day. Better get through with them at once, for old Santa can't get started on his rounds while the boys and girls are still awake. He might get impatient waiting for you to go to bed.

VIRGINIA. I'm not through, either, Mother. Maybe you and Daddy had better help us tie up.

MRS. W. All right, that's a good idea. Come on, Daddy. (MR. W. *takes a toy from the floor.*)

MR. W. Who's this doll for, Virginia?

VIRGINIA. It's for Auntie Grace. Hurry and wrap her up in this tissue paper.

MR. W. What? I thought Auntie Grace was too old for dolls. She's as big as Mother.

VIRGINIA (*laughing*). But, Daddy, you don't understand. That doll is really a pincushion. See, you stick pins in her body.

MR. W. Horrors! I'm thankful I'm not Miss Dolly. (*Wraps it up.*)

BOBBY. See, Daddy, here is a ball I got for Robert Boles, 'cause he said Santa might not come to see him this year. I'm going to take it to him in the morning.

MR. W. That's a fine boy. Daddy likes to see you do things like that to make other boys happy. It's a dandy ball, too.

MRS. W. Now, children, really you must go to bed. The last one of your gifts is ready, so don't make any more excuses. Turn around, Virginia, and I'll unbutton you, then both of you get into your pajamas and jump into bed. See who can do it the quickest.

(*They dart behind the screen and put on pajamas, calling out from behind screen.*)

VIRGINIA. But Mother, we haven't hung up our stocking yet.

BOBBY. Or said our prayers.

MRS. W. That's right, you haven't. I'll get your stockings at once and you can soon hang them, then say your prayers at Mother's knee.

BOBBY. You bet; I don't want to forget my prayers tonight, 'cause then old Santa might forget me.

(They take stockings to mantle and hang them, talking.)

BOBBY. Daddy, which way do you think he'll look when he first gets down through the chimney?

MR. W. I don't know, son. Why?

BOBBY. Because I want to hang my stockings so he'll see 'em first.

VIRGINIA. I hope he'll see mine first.

MRS. W. Children, don't be selfish. Santa has good eyes and he'll see everything at once. No matter where you put your stockings, he will not miss them—if you are good.

BOBBY. Mother, you and Daddy must hang yours.

MR. W. All right, we will before we go to bed. *(Spies letters on mantle.)* What are these?

BOBBY. Our letters to Santa.

MR. W. But I thought you wrote to him a month ago.

VIRGINIA. Yes, we did, but we were afraid he might forget, so we wrote him again today. Mother helped us.

MR. W. So you are afraid old Santa is losing his memory, are you?

BOBBY. We didn't know.

MRS. W. Come now, kneel at Mother's knee and say your prayers together.

(Children kneel and say together.)

“Now I lay me down to sleep;
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep.
If I should die before I wake,
I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take.”

BOBBY. And please, God, don't let Santa Claus forget us.

VIRGINIA. Amen. *(They rise.)*

MR. W. And now to bed in a hurry! *(Children kiss parents good-night and run to bed.)*

CHILDREN. Good-night, Mother! Good-night, Daddy!

PARENTS. Good-night, dears.

(MR. WHITE turns out all lights except a small one. Puts screen between cots and fireplace.)

CURTAIN

SCENE II

Same as before. 12:30 Christmas Eve.

Enter SANTA with large pack on his back. He tiptoes over to children and looks at them for a moment.)

SANTA. Oh, ho, I wonder if they are really sound asleep or just pretending. It's pretty late, so I guess it is the real thing. It's not a very good plan to put my little friends to bed in the same room where I do my work, but they are usually pretty good sleepers. I wonder what their names are? I like to get acquainted with my children when I can. (*Spies letters.*) I imagine these letters will tell me who they are. (*Opens and reads.*)

"Dear Santa:

Did you get my other letter? I'm afraid you might forget what I want, so be sure to bring a dolly, please, that will say Mama and open and shut her eyes. I want her to have a blond bob. If you can spare a buggy for her, please do. A set of dishes and something for a surprise. I like surprises, when they are nice. Lots of love,

Virginia White."

"P. S.—Mama helped Bobby and me write, 'cause we can't spell very good by ourselves."

SANTA. Bless her little heart. I'll leave all she asks for and more, too, except the buggy. I am rather short of them and they are all promised already. However, she will like a bed, instead, I'm sure. (*Opens BOBBY'S letter. Reads.*)

"Dear Santa Claus:

'Course I'd like a base ball and bat and a new sled (my old un is broke, awful, and we have lots o' snow in ————. You will know for you were here last Christmas. I'd like ice skates, too. Be sure to fill my stocking with lots of things to eat, 'cause you know a boy is allus hungry. Dad says I've been purty good

this year, for a boy, but shucks! I guess you know a feller can't allus be good; but I tried, anyhow. Don't forget Mother and Dad, and my sister, Virginia, and I allus like one surprise. Don't forget it. Yours truly,

Bobby White."

SANTA. I'd better get busy here or I'll never get around to the hundreds of stockings I must fill tonight. (*Takes candy and nuts from bag and fills stockings, putting doll in top of one.*) Here she is, my little lady. Your doll with a blond bob. The little girls used to want dolls with long curls, but styles change in dolls the same as in folks. Here are the dishes. Many a happy tea party will be had with these small bits of china, or I miss my guess. And now for Bobby. He has his heart set on a base ball and bat. Here they are. (*Takes from pack.*) And he shall have a sled, too. (*Puts it on floor.*) He'll be a jolly lad by morning, I'm sure. (*Reads letter again.*) "Don't forget Mother and Dad." I like that. Bobby is a thoughtful boy. I guess his Mother will enjoy a string of pearl beads and some silk hose. Here they are. (*Puts in stocking.*) For Dad a new fountain pen, ties, and handkerchiefs. (*Puts in his sock. Goes to cots. Looks at children again.*) Goodbye, dear children, for another year. How you will grow by that time! I must be off before you wake up and catch me here. Goodbye. (*Throws each a kiss, turns out light, exit.*)

CURTAIN

SCENE III

Same as before. Christmas morning, 6 o'clock. Room is dark.

CHILDREN (*calling from cots*). Merry Christmas, Daddy, Mother. May we get up?

(*Enter MR. WHITE dressed in dressing gown and slippers.*)

MR. W. Merry Christmas, kiddies. Stay in bed one minute while I turn on the lights.

(*Enter MRS. WHITE in kimono and slippers.*)

MRS. W. Merry Christmas, dear children.

CHILDREN. Merry Christmas, Mother.

MR. W. Come along, now, and see what is in your stockings. (*They get up, run to their toys.*)

VIRGINIA. Daddy, Mother, look! A doll with a blond bob, and she opens and shuts her eyes. How good old Santa is!

BOBBY. Look, look, what he brought me! Everything I wanted.

MR. W. He's a great old chap, isn't he? He remembered me, too. See? (*Holds gifts to be seen.*) Mother, did he remember you?

MRS. W. I should say so. See my lovely beads and silk hose? Just what I needed.

BOBBY. Virginia, did you get a surprise?

VIRGINIA. I don't know. I haven't finished my stocking yet. Did you get one?

BOBBY. I guess not, but I don't care. (*Noise outside.*)

BOBBY. What is that noise?

MR. W. I'll go and see. It sounds like a dog or a cat scratching the door.

(*He exits, returns at once with a small cat labeled, "From SANTA to VIRGINIA, as a surprise." A small puppy, "Surprise to BOBBY from SANTA." The children grab their pets and hug them.*)

BOBBY. Oh, Daddy, Santa must love us a lot.

MRS. W. I'm sure he does, dear.

VIRGINIA. And we love him lots, oh, heaps and heaps, don't we, Bobby?

BOBBY. Sure. What are you goin' to call your kitten?

VIRGINIA. I believe I'll call her "S'prise."

MR. W. Call her anything you like, dear, but I hope Mother will soon call me to breakfast.

CURTAIN

TABLEAU

Merry Christmas

By Ann Gladys Lloyd

A tableau to conclude the Christmas exercises.

(Three children take part, two girls and a boy. The girls stand together before the closed curtain, the one grasping the right curtain, the other grasping the left.)

ONE GIRL. And now the time has come to bid you all a kind good-night

THE OTHER. And to wish you a merry Christmas—

THE ONE. And as enormous bliss tomorrow—

(If the exercises are not given the day before Christmas, substitute for "tomorrow" the name of the day on which Christmas falls.)

THE OTHER. As this.

(They draw the curtains apart far enough to reveal a small, barefooted black boy in a few brightly-colored and ragged garments, perched on a bench or a fence, devouring a huge wedge of watermelon. The watermelon may be made of cardboard. It drips juice, as do the boy's chin and hands. The boy smacks his lips as the girls draw the curtains together again.)



